

*The Historie of*

for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fals.* Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hof.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fals.* Dost thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fals.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, there st walke vp a boue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fals.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now maister Sherife, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I do assure you is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

*Henry the*

And Sherife, I will ingage my word That I will by to morrow dinner Send him to answere thee or any For any thing he shall be charg'd And so let me intreate you leaue

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are Haue in this robbery lost 300. n

*Prince.* It may be so: if he haue He shalbe answerable: and so fa

*Sher.* Good night, my noble

*Prin.* I thinke it is good mor

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thin

*Prince.* This oyle rascall is k him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe like a horse.

*Prin.* Harke how hard he feto

*He searcheth his pockets,*

*Prince.* What halt thou fou

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, m

*Prince.* Lets see what be they

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item, Sacke, two gallons.

Item Anchoues and Sacke afre

Item bread.

O monstrous, but one halfe

able deale of Sacke, what ther

it at more aduantage: there let

in the morning. We must all t

honourable. Ile procure this f

know his death will be a match

be payed backe againe with ad

the morning, and so good mor

*Peto.* Good morrow, good m

*Enter Hotspur, Wor*

*Owen Gl*

*Mor.* These promises are fa

And